

Journal

Gives Vivid Picture in Fifth Installment of How He Earned His First Dollar, Breaking Up Field.

Yonder in the west lies the East: Yonder reaches the road to India. THE distance, counting the contours of often roundabout ways, was quite, or nearly, three thousand miles. The time was seven months and two days. There were no bridges, no railroad levels, nothing of the sort. We had only the road as nature had made it. Many times, at night, after ascending a stream to find a ford we could look back and see our smouldering camp fires of the day before.

We found the roads hard frozen on setting out in March from the headwaters of the Wabash and the road good at first. We camped at night with settlers and fed our stock well. We also took care that we should be in the best of strength and heart, as well as the stock.

Lewis and Clark nearly fifty years before had set down the Territories of Illinois and Iowa as all under water and worthless. Later information dispelled this idea largely, but still papa was afraid of mud and mire as the spring advanced and kept well off to the left, pointing as direct as the woods and waters would allow for St. Joe on the Missouri as a source of supplies for the long, long journey across the entirely unpopulated plains.

We found St. Joe, after nearly two months' steady tramp and solid tread of the honest old oxen, a sea of tents. For miles and miles up the Missouri and down was to be seen the white tents, while covered wagons and busy people passing and surging to and fro. On the 15th of May, 1822, we, ten miles above St. Joe to avoid the multitude and inevitable mud, crossed the Missouri into the vast wilderness and the extraordinary march was commenced. The sundown seat were before us, civilization such as we had known, and all sorts, lay behind us. There could be for us no return. We were not of that material.

Government Indifferent.

We had two big heavily laden wagons, with eight yokes of oxen to each, a carriage and two horses for mother and baby sister and a single horse for the three boys to ride. This was particularly convenient, especially at the crossing of swollen streams, when all three could climb on together and get lots of fun and excitement a little while; for we all had learned to swim in the dear old Tennessee, and we did not mind it a bit if we all rolled off together in the middle of the stream. Papa had hired two teamsters to come with us and haul corn for the stock, although we found grass bristled deep and wild flowers to the waist; a perfect sea of yellow flowers, and pink and white and purple. The Indians were very decent, tall, fine fellows; they stood by or sat their ponies in line and marveled at the continuous stream of people; the innumerable multitude. How feeble and indifferent was our Government fifty or sixty years ago! No sort of assistance or suggestion or information of any sort to this tumultuous mass of world builders. No statistics. No attempt to enumerate them. Why, they were civilized in Egypt in the days of Exodus. Moses would have made a much better President than the ones we then had.

The proud and erect Indian men would refuse all presents, but the Indian women, with their babies at back, refused nothing, although they did not beg at all as they do now. They were very fond of the white children and all the time wanted to touch and fondle them. Mother seemed afraid all the time they would steal her little girl. She, in her eagerness to learn about the land we were about to traverse, had read a yellow book telling all about how Indians would steal little girls! The Indian women were all the time trying to lay their hands on my little brother Jimmy's great shock of frizzy yellow hair, but he would run away from them and hide under the wagons.

Cholera Claimed Many.

We began to meet people in wagons, but thought they were helpers who had gone on with corn for stock. But soon we began to come upon new-made graves by the streams and at camping places. Then the graves were many. The cholera had broken out and hundreds were turning back! I remember reading years after a pretty little sentimental tale about how that when an engineer of the first Pacific railroad on suddenly discovering a grave in the long grass before him tenderly turned aside and changed the course of the track out of respect for this pioneer who fell to the quest of the West. No such folly. No such sentimental nonsense ever entered the head of any real railroad man. The cold fact is the new-made graves of that sad and desperate cholera year, 1832, far outnumbered the railroad ties of that first railroad.

In the midst of all this turning back, this despair and death, our parents kept steadily on, making slow marches, keeping in good heart and as a consequence in good health. Papa would stop on Sundays and hold in a very quiet way some sort of service. Sometimes a preacher would come into what came to be known as the "Sunday tent," but papa did not like long sermons, and rarely asked anyone to preach lest he might preach too much.

Encountered Cyclone.

One night on the Platte river a cyclone came and took the tent from over our heads, and had papa and the men not hastened to tie the three vehicles together with big chains they would have gone with the tent. Then rain in torrents, and we all got under the wagons. We had driven the cattle out on a wooded island in the river, and had no fear for them. But soon there was a shout, and then a cry of despair from the deep ravine near us.

The flood was sweeping the tents, wagons, women, and children all before it. When moving came there was not a vestige of life left, only a few overturned wagons half hidden in the sand. Even the oxen had gone.

ing the one for mother and baby. We three little fellows had learned to walk well; and walk we did now all the time; all but Jimmy, who had to sleep some each day in the wagon. We, joined with others, built a raft of dead cotton wood logs and crossed cold, swift Green river on a raft.

Fought With Indians.

The night before descending the steep to this river we were camped in the Sublette cut-off, from which place the mountain scene is one of the most splendid in all the Rocky Mountains. East or West. As we were about to move a wild band of mountain Indians, that I have since learned were outlaws or robbers, circled about us, and they were all good, God-fearing men who did all they could to encourage and care for the stranger. We three boys, nine, eleven, and thirteen years of age, soon found work in clearing off brush and making rails for a neighbor close at hand. Mother would go out to work with us, sitting on a stump and knitting and talking cheerily to us when not herself at work.

Buy Cows; Sell Butter.

We earned a cow in this way, and mother bought two others, giving a note bearing enormous interest. The cows cost \$100 each. So that when papa got back after a long quest far up the valley we had three more cows, three frisky little calves, and

school, no matter what the quality of his coat. But here in Oregon, in this mild climate, seeing we were nearly all naked, he said to mother one morning as he pinned a flower in his shirt bosom: "Margaret, really and truly, we don't need any clothes in this country, except it may be some sort of a thing to pin a flower on."

In this happy frame of mind papa soon after cut a stick and, taking a small pack on his back, set out up the vast and fertile valley to find a location, a "claim." He left us under the care of a noble old missionary, E. E. Parrish, and also a Methodist preacher by the name of West. It seemed that everyone of the older immigrants were either missionaries or preachers. And they were all good, God-fearing men who did all they could to encourage and care for the stranger. We three boys, nine, eleven, and thirteen years of age, soon found work in clearing off brush and making rails for a neighbor close at hand. Mother would go out to work with us, sitting on a stump and knitting and talking cheerily to us when not herself at work.

should have been in area and real value; but no one complained, and all went to work and worked from sun to sun, happy, healthy, and gaining in strength every day. The land, unfortunately was not well chosen. We should have located in the middle of the valley and where every foot was fertile and tillable, but we had been used to woods and did not like the open. We wanted the wood for houses, fences, and the fireplace. In the rear a great mountain, topped with wonderful fir trees, gleamed in the morning sun; the swift, sweet river glistened under the great big cedars and balm trees away out yonder in the boundless dooryard, where the vattle fed and fattened, and all was well.

Improved the Farm.

Papa at first took us up the mountainside to cut down trees, cut off logs, and roll them down for rails. These rolling, tumbling, headlong logs on the steep hillsides made great sport for our little dog. But he got caught under one and was killed. Then Jimmy got caught under one. And, although he got up and laughed at our terror and dismay, papa gave up the mountain, and we made rails after that from ash, maple, balsam, alder, and so on, to fence our first field; worthless wood compared to the beautiful fir, but we boys were too bold and venturesome to be left alone to wrestle with the tumbling rail cuts. For

TELLS THRILLING TALE OF MATRIMONIAL DEAL WITH REDSKINS IN THE WILDS OF THE WEST

Girl Escapes Living Death

About this time a very serious thing happened. A Mr. Wagoner had a beautiful girl in his large family, and a friendly Indian chief who rode a fine spotted horse asked Mr. Wagoner what he would take for her. The Indian was told in jest that he would take ten beautiful spotted horses, like the one he rode.

The Indian dashed off and the same day overtook us with the ten horses and a horde of warriors, and wanted the girl. Of course, everybody protested, but the chief would not be put off. The Oregonians that had been sent out to meet us were appealed to. It was a very serious matter they said.

The chief was an honest man and meant exactly what he said, and had a right to the girl. The majority agreed, and thought the best way out of it was to let papa marry them. This seems strange now, but it was the Indian custom to buy wives, and as we were in the heart of a warlike people, we could not safely trifle with the chief.

The girl was about to throw herself in the river from the steep bluff where we were, at which the chief, seeing her terror, relented, and led his warriors off, scornfully refusing what presents were offered him for his forbearance.

the oxen my legs began to smart and my feet to hurt me so much that I begged not to stay for supper, as I wanted to go home. But he looked up and said me had done very well, and thanked me kindly, asked me to come early next morning and then putting his hand in his pocket handed me a big silver dollar; my first, my very first dollar. I clutched it, caught in my breast, and when she was at her little wheel spinning fax. Mother kissed me and cried and we cried and cried together, with delight.

Rumors of Gold Mines.

Mother washed my feet and legs, washed them in warm water and milk and maybe with silent tears. She put me to bed after supper and next morning I was up and away at work with the oxen.

We had no newspapers as yet in reach of us, and the mails were only weekly and were very uncertain in unsettled weather, but there were rumors in the air about new gold mines to the south, on the way to California. These new placer mines were in what is now called the Rogue river country. The right name is Red River, so named by the early French explorers.

But while we had no newspapers within easy reach, men were all the more disposed to ask and give the news as men passed up and down by way of Oregon and into California. There were many peddlers going up and down now, passing preachers always had been numerous from the first and they stopped at all times and prayed late and long; for mother knew better how to prepare and serve a good meal than any one else in the borderland. Of course they were always very welcome. But really and truly it was a great bother when they visited, as they always did, before going on, getting us all down on our knees and praying and praying, and praying the longest hour I ever saw. Still, they gave lots of information, good and bad, about the new mines. And I was the most eager of all listeners. I wanted to go to the new gold mines. Do not wonder at it blame me. It was in my blood and my blood was hot for action. Do not think this was unnatural for one so young. Bear in mind I was born and cradled on wheels.

Besides these peddlers and preachers and passing immigrants who were seeking homes and came to consult papa and talk over old times, there were now many pack trains coming to Oregon and going back, often camping close by to get better and easier garden truck, and they, too, had lots to tell about the mines. My parents guessed at my burning desire to be off and away, even if I had to ride the bell mule of the pack train and be cook to the greasy teamsters; but I kept on trying to keep it all to myself. Mother had pulled, keekled, distasteful, and spun all the flax, and as we had sheared the sheep—clean, white, and burlesque sheep in the long waving grass in those days—she then took up the wool and soon went away with a basketful of spoils and shuttles to where there was a loom at a distant neighbor's, and before a week was back with a belt of cloth as big as she could carry.

My plans for the placing of that belt of cloth, Papa must have a suit; John D., who was training to teach, two little families away up on the forks of the Mohawk, must have a suit; mother must have a petticoat and, above all, the three boys must have bathing suits.

Living In 1300 Compared to Now

Two cents or its equivalent would buy a pair of chickens in the fourteenth century. For the value of a nickel one could acquire a goose fit for a Christmas dinner in the fourteenth century.

A penny would purchase a dozen strictly fresh eggs in the fourteenth century; while for 2 cents the brewer was compelled by law to sell three gallons of beer, the equivalent of forty-eight glasses.

Wheat sometimes fell as low as 40 cents a quarter, though after a great storm or in a time of grievous famine it would rise as high as \$4 or \$5 a quarter. Still, at these prices a good many pounds of bread could be bought for a penny.

Pasture and arable lands were ridiculously cheap—2 cents an acre for the former and 12 cents an acre for the latter being considered a fair annual rental. Draft horses were a drug on the market at 72 cents each, and oxen at \$1.25. In the days of the Second Henry \$50 would have equipped a farm with three draft horses, half a dozen oxen, twenty cows, and a good many chickens. A balance of \$3 toward the payment of the rent, which would be perhaps \$5 a year.

The other side of the story, so far as the laboring man is concerned, comes in the following figures: Three cents a day was considered good wages for an ordinary laborer. Even at harvest time 4 cents was the highest amount expected.

House rent was so low that the lord mayor of London paid only \$4.80 a year to his landlord. The chancellor had an annual salary of \$20. When a father sent his son to a university 4 cents a day was looked upon as a comfortable allowance, with a margin for such luxuries as wine at 5 cents to 12 cents a gallon.

A salary of \$24 a year was considered munificent. King Edward VI gave his daughter an allowance of \$4.80 a week, with an additional \$37.00 for such luxuries as wine at 5 cents to 12 cents a gallon.

Prairie Schooner Headed Westward; the Pullman Car of 1850.



FORDING STREAMS ON OUR WAY WEST

I heard men tell that on the other side of the Platte river a big train, that had camped in a ravine, had been utterly crushed by a mass of maddened buffalo during a tornado. But I did not see this. Besides it is too terrible to tell in detail.

As we neared the summit of the Rocky Mountains another sudden cyclone struck us, but this was in open day and the wind went, sudden, camped in a rocky ridge and had only then gotten the cattle down to water and grass when the cyclone took us in a whirl! Papa and the men got the carriage chained to the big wagon in time, but the lighter wagon, with its load of Connecticut clocks, went over the cliff with a crash. We all held on to the wheels of the big wagon and the wind went, sudden, as it came, taking only our last tent and nearly every hat.

The next camp was in the South Pass, so named by Fremont, who had sent up a cairn of stones here; the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The snow fell in our faces as we looked away toward the West. The waters were flowing toward the setting sun. It seemed to us all, weary as we were, that the rest of the way must be down hill to the Pacific. Our camp was by the Pacific Springs. We were now drinking of the waters that flowed from the Pacific Ocean! What exultation! What glory and achievement!

At Salt Lake, a beautiful city and scene of honest industry, we rested long, sold some worn-out cattle, the carriage and the two horses; keep-

the sand. It has all been mined since—and we soon made the head waters of the Snake river. It is now called the Snake river. The name means "snake in the grass." There was an old fort, Fort Hall. The cholera was had here. Men, women, and children dying from drinking the cold, clear waters of the springs that bubbled up from the melting snows of the shining Fremont mountains.

Meeting With Grant.

At the Dalles, a day further on, papa went to see the officer in command at this military post, the first one we had found, to ask about the possibility of crossing the Cascade mountains or rather, the Sierra Grande del Nord, at that late season of the year. This kind officer sent a yoke of strong, fat oxen and two soldiers to see us to the summit. His name was Grant. Capt. U. S. Grant, afterward President. By taking this route papa landed his little family far up the Willamette river almost in the heart of the wonderful valley. This is the most poetic, gorgeous, and glorious valley in flowers and birds of snow-crowned mountains on the globe.

Papa, as a teacher, had always been rather fastidious in his dress, and mother often told me that he always wore broadcloth with a flower in his buttonhole when he lived near Cincinnati, in reach of a tailor. And I well remember he always wore a leaf or flower in his lapel when teaching

lots of butter to sell. Two little Jew peddlers, brothers, who had some way got down by way of what is now Alaska from Russia, came by every week and got the butter and gave in exchange groceries and dry goods. The merchants in those days demanded more than double the purchase price of everything; but as they paid \$1 a pound for butter, which was twice what it was really worth, the thing was about even. These Jew boys carried everything on their backs at first. Then they got a horse, then a wagon, then they opened a store away up at the forks of the river, where papa had found a "claim," and flourished amazingly. Then they had a big store in the biggest city, then a bank in San Francisco. And open-handed papa, marveled to the end of his days, why he, too, could not have been such a "merchant."

It was a muddy, mirey road away up to the Willamette Falls, neighbors forty miles distant from one another in places and no bridges, and few ferries across the swift, deep river; but we got there at last and the spare neighbors, as was the custom came to the "raising," and in a few days we had a home, a house, such as it was; let us call it a palace. For never was nobleman of high degree, with all his house, so happy in his castle as we were.

The law had been meanly changed while we were en route, cutting down the donation from 60 acres to one-half, so that the ranch was not what it

papa again was going to teach school.

He plowed and put in flax, corn, and a garden, even before we had a fence. As the fence around the house was finished, we put in an orchard, papa going far distant and bringing the trees home on his back. When we got the trees in the ground, a corral for the cattle, and when the corn and flax and all sorts of things began to grow and glory in their existence, mother looked on, and said: "I tell you, boys, things are just a-humming!"

I had kept a crude sort of journal, and as papa had stored in his mind every single camp and all incidents of account in all that seven months of persistent march we went over it together and filled up the broken and disconnected places. He insisted that it would be of interest some day. But it was burned with the house and all its contents some years later. I see that my birthday is set down in some books for 1831, and in others for 1832. This comes from the loss of the Bible. For when I was first in Europe and some began to ask when I was born, papa gave the former year, according to his recollection of the trivial event, while mother insisted on the latter, both giving the same day of the month. As for myself, I neither know nor care.

We got some sheep to keep on the shares, and Jimmy, with his new dog, kept with them all the time, but the saucy little coyotes would just sit down round about and watch and wait for the lambs, and get them almost as

fast as they came. Once he heard a lamb bleating piteously away up over-head in the bright blue sky, and hitting his eyes he saw a great black-winged hawk making his way to the mountain top with a little white lamb in its clutches. The old primal custom of nature was still with us, even in happy, peaceful, and prolific Oregon—the survival of the fittest.

Boys Worked the Soil.

We two bigger boys wrought up in the fields, milked the cows night and morning. Mother made the butter. Papa walked to and from his school, far away in the Forks.

About this time our nearest neighbor, a learned, good man, candidate for governor, and afterward famous for classification of the Oregon grasses, nearly 200 in number, wanted to break up a field and turn under the dense growth of wild roses that was over-running his ranch. He wanted me to drive the oxen while he held the plow. I was barefooted and my tattered pants reached not far below the knees and the oxen were wild and unruly; but we stuck to it, breaking the ground matted with rose roots. I was at the same time breaking and subduing the obstinate oxen and I did not note or care for my feet or legs. We did not stop for lunch and when we got up to the house and watered and unyoked